

some adjoining shrub, or to a stake driven in the ground at the fountain side, were heard pre-

"St. Ay, you may well start," he exclaimed; "and I am sure virgin, you would tear the roses from your hair, and scatter them from your youthful forms. A few more risings and settings of the sun, and those flower-trimmed curls will be white, and those youthful and health-pointed cheeks will be the dull, sunken cheeks of a corpse fit only for the grave-mound, and meet to be hidden by the Arched, the vaulted streets, under which your fans are spread to-day, my some of them contain the boards of your collins; and while you laugh, the mattock and the spade are waiting to do their work. When there shall be death here, what can you say, my dear, what would you give to have this life back—how gladly would you then give your fanciful dresses for your immortal souls!"

Martha professed herself greatly excited, a feeling which she manifested by a considerable

many other pilgrims God had given them; and the young ladies felt uneasy, and the pleasure they had received from the new dress and the flowers—those sweet manifestations of divine love—was gone. Their bodies were not unworthy of such care; and though they could not very clearly understand how it was sinful to enjoy the good things of this world while we are in the world and of the world, still they felt that it was God's command to abstain from them. They did not remark the extreme elegance of his costume, and the unmistakable signs of free living in his rudely fane and poorly dimensions.

"Let us sing a song unto the Lord," he said, "within the shalldst set it music in every pavilion," and forthwith he and Martha struck up, in unison—

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,
Mice ears attend the cry;
Behold men, women, and children on the ground,
And all are dead as I."

The air was most delicious, but its mournful recollections were met and drowned presently by the "Hail Columbia" of the brass band, with the same time and spirit as the march. In the procession, made up partly of Christopher's school, and partly of the dignitaries of the neighborhood and invited guests.

There was such a fluttering and hurrying as never was seen, to secure seats favorable to him. The orators of the day were wearing down of shawls and handkerchiefs, with an opening of fans and arrangement of smelling-bottles and bunches of roses and sweet herbs, there was! Troop after troop came in from every side, the troops of the young ladies, the springs, and cakes and candies were distributed among the younger girls, who had not been so fortunate as to have been provided for.

The seats reserved for the musicians were

hearts beat joyously again, as the music swelled louder and louder, and the little procession came marching two and two. The boys wore rosettes of blue ribbon on the left shoulder, as a distinguishing badge and token of their school. Christopher the left wist. Christopher himself walked solemnly in front of all, and indicated by gestures the place each man, boy, and child, should occupy. The wonderful lectures, one of which would conclude the day's exercises, were in session, retained their conspicuous position, and every movement of the old man seemed to say, "I am a sage, a philosopher, and not as you, whom I condescend to instruct."

There were no more long discourses, but the schoolmaster, having placed himself at the right hand of the platform, indicated, in a clear and loud tone, the proposed exercise. First, "Music by the band." After this, a boy of seven

low and very awkward low, and began, first pointing to his heart, and then to heaven—

"May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away."

He retired with a flushed countenance, and greeted with enthusiasm the applause.

The music drowned the applause, and on the subsiding of this, again, a little girl was conducted to the stage, bearing in her hand a bird's nest, illustrative of her recitation—

"Yes, little nest, I hold you fast,
And little birds, and green and fair, Ae."

Her counting of the birds was thought to be an admirable piece of art, and it was whispered about that Christopher Bone would not be able to teach her much more. Everybody wished that they knew more of this little girl, and the piece was to be spoken again. But the master entered his protest against any repetitions.

which grow more and more interesting as it proceeded.

The dialogue and oration came, when that the audience had been almost made to hear "The crash of the thunder, the groan of the spheres," and to see "The lightning's red glare painting hell on the sky," in the spirited recitation of the verses containing those lines.

Two or three there was an intermission of ten minutes, all too short to most of the young persons.

Happiness was at its height, and cake and cider vendors had their share, for busy were they in their respective pursues in that interval; and that is an employment which has a pleasing influence upon us all.

Mr. Richards entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion; and ginger-cakes and beer came to our table plentifully; and a tin of water stood at hand, from which a myriad

ty for Timothy, unusually funny and frolicking, was there) soon drove Martha and Mr. Goodnam elsewhere; and even my father seemed for once to enjoy as much as was consistent with the nature of things. At the conclusion of each recitation, he inquired whether I thought I should be able to do as well; and when Mr. Richards answered that fears for me were groundless, "I could do anything," I felt that I might be happy to undertake any recitation, and was not disabled me from a creditable performance of my task.

A loud blast of the bugle called the stragglers in, and the exercises were resumed—music and speeches and speeches and speeches. The excitement was coming very near. I began to feel a little trepidation, but I steadied up my courage, and took from a vase of water, in which they had been kept all day, the red flowers which were

their arrangement. Mr. Richards whispered that I never looked half so pretty, and that I needed only a little courage to secure the triumph I had so long anticipated. I said that triumph was already secured; and smiling upon me brought the thought that I had never seen music had already ceased—and leading me to the steps of the platform, Christopher received and conducted me to my place. My reading had been reserved to close the juvenile performance. I felt that my appearance had been looked forward to, and with awe as the event of the day.

I was conveyed to the audience, and with deliberate composure opened the book, which lay on the table before me; and lifting my eyes I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the banquet of reading." &c., my utterance was interrupted, and my vision riveted on one spot.

gritted, so happy, stood a lady, not young, nor fair, but rich, as her dress indicated, and having a look of the air of a person who was not to be mistaken, even at a glance. Her hand was in that of Mr. Richards, but her deep-set gray eyes were fixed upon me, not simply in scrutiny, I thought, but in jealousy and anger. I saw that my presence had excited her, and I was with confusion, and with that intuition which I have possessed, perhaps, in matters of the heart, I recognised the truth. My rival was before me, my lover advanced of me and of himself, and my triumph was destined to be the most signal. I saw that my rival was now looking at me in her ear, and how gentle the clasp that drew her into the pavilion; and I saw how proudly she drew aside her robe from contact with my father's knees, who sat leaning and listening earnestly, and saw, she, the lofty and contemptuous, glance